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[For the 'Messenger.'

Dr. Grace Kimball.

Dr. Grace N. Kimball, the missionary heroine of Van, in Armenia, returned this fall to America, having just concluded four years of service of a character that should win her the gratitude of Christian people throughout the world.

Miss Kimball went out to Van, in Asia Minor, in 1882, with another lady under the

DR. GRACE N. KIMBALL.

American Board of Missions, to establish schools among the girls of that country. This work grew to be very interesting and prosperous. Miss Kimball says: 'The Armenians are a most progressive race, and as they were determined to have education at all hazards, we felt an obligation to give them a Christian education.'

In 1888 Miss Kimball returned to her home in America for a year's vacation: while at home she felt providentially led to study medicine. She took her medical degree at the Woman's Medical College, New York, in 1892, and at once returned to Armenia as a medical missionary.

She had in Van a large dispensary, also outside practice, which was the greatest need. But the local doctors combined to oppose Dr. Kimball, and when, in July, 1895, the relief work sprang up, she gladly gave all her time and strength to that work.

We quote her own words on the subject from an article in the 'Christian Herald':—

'The people have been oppressed more and more; fresh taxation has been imposed by the authorities, so that the poverty has increased year by year. The years preceding 1895 were very hard times, and business was at a low ebb. The people were reduced to great straits in order to get the barest necessaries of life. This was especially the case in the interior of the province; many of the husbands and fathers had gone to Constantinople and other places in search of work, leaving their families in a state of dreadful destitution.

'The ranks of the poor in the city of Van were largely increased from these helpless women and children in the country. They looked to the missionaries for relief, and we had to give them help from our own scanty personal resources. This was a very heavy drain on us, and we felt that some way must be found of securing relief for the starving people. It was then that the idea of helping them by providing relief work occurred to me. I bought wool and cotton, and started the people spinning and weaving. As I was out of medical practice, we gave up the large dispensary to the work, and the applicants rose from a very few to scores and hundreds, and eventually to thousands.

In October and November, 1895, our Van villages were largely pillaged; 500 villages out of the 550 were raided by the Kurds. I made a report to that effect, and the Sultan was good enough to call me a liar; but the facts remained the same. We had hundreds of refugees crowding into the city of Van. They had been robbed of everything, even of clothing. So we clothed and fed these crowds of country refugees. Bakeries were opened by the help of contributions sent by the readers of the 'Christian Herald' of New York.

'Just after my acceptance of the post of resident physician at Vassar College, New York, had been cabled to America, the massacres in the city of Van took place. They began on June 14. One-third of the Armenian houses in the city were either burned or pillaged, and about 600 Armenians were killed, while in the outlying districts the villages were practically all pillaged to the very last vestige of property, and most of the arm-bearing men were killed. The others were in many cases driven from the villages into the city, and everywhere there was confusion and distress. In the city all industries have been practically stopped since Oct. 23 of last year (1895), and that, of course, means great poverty.

'In the villages throughout the large province of Van some 10,000 able-bodied men have been killed, leaving a great host of women and children who were dependent on them. While the wheat harvest has been extremely abundant, no ploughing or sowing has been done for next year, so that the outlook is bad. They may not have a famine, but there is certain to be very great suffering amongst a large portion of the people.'

The relief work in Van is now under the protection of the British Vice-Consul, and is being carried out by Dr. Raynolds, the senior member of the American Mission.

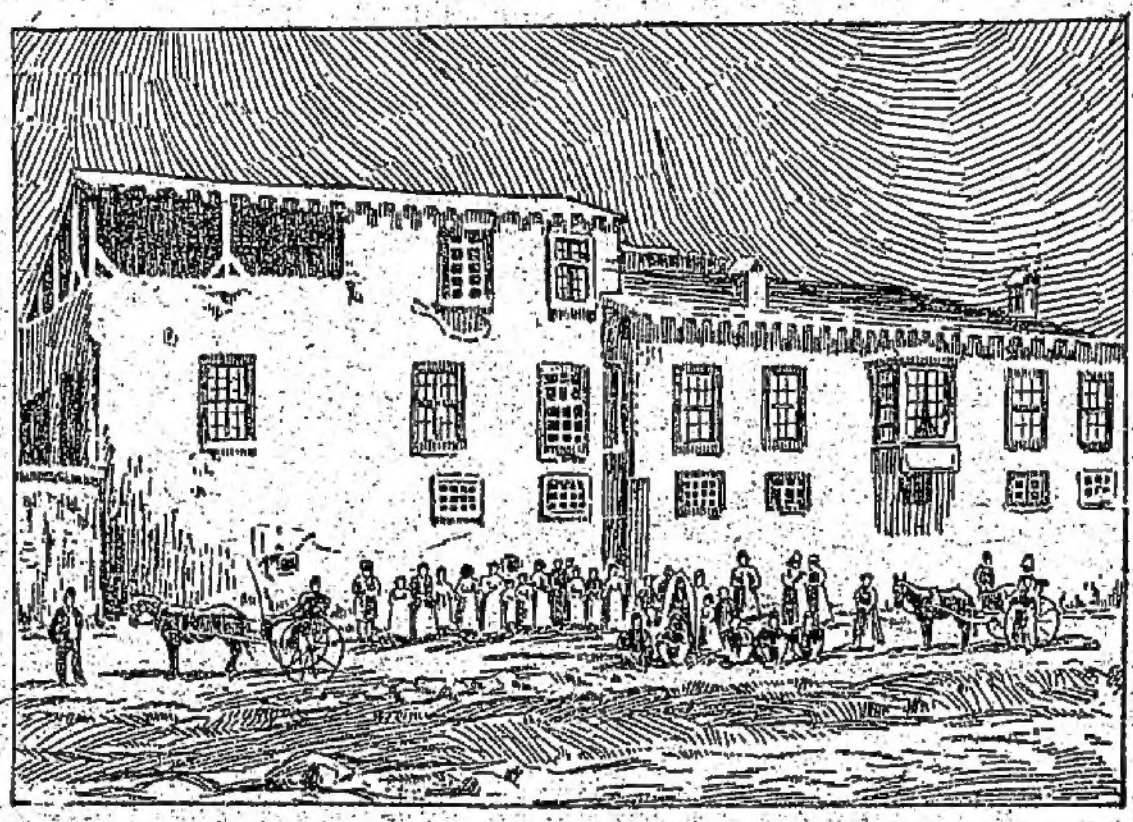
The readers of the 'Christian Herald' of New York sent in over forty thousand dollars for the Armenian relief fund, all of which was sent on to Van to be dispensed by Dr. Kimball.

Dr. Kimball is quite worn out with the hard work, of the past fourteen months especially, and has accepted the post of resident physician of Vassar College. She brought with her from Van sixteen Armenians, including several women, all being true, earnest Christian people. Dr. Kimball paid for their passage herself, that they might be rescued from the peril of death at the hands of the fanatical Moslems. No Armenian children are permitted by the Sultan to leave Turkey.

No Harm in Grumbling.

Mrs. Ash came downstairs late one February morning, feeling rather out of sorts. She had overslept herself a little, which put her behind with her work, and spoiled her temper. It seemed as if she had got out of bed the wrong side, and everything conspired to keep her on that side, if one might judge from the constant stream of complaints and grumbling which she kept up all day without stopping. She grumbled at the weather—at its coldness and dulness, yet when, later in the day, the sun shone she grumbled because its rays almost put the fire out. She grumbled at the shopkeepers and their prices, but they did not abate one farthing for all that she said; at the work she had to do, and at her children, who, she said repeatedly, were the worst children she ever came across.

A night's rest seemed to put everything



HEADQUARTERS OF THE AMERICAN MISSION IN VAN, ARMENIA.

straight, and Mrs. Ash came downstairs the next morning looking bright and pleasant, and very little disposed to grumble. She was in a happy mood, and sang at her work, and all the family felt the benefit of the sunshine which had crept into the house.

John went to his work thinking that there was not such another woman as his wife to be found anywhere, and the children ran off to school with light hearts and smiling faces. But before the week was over another grumbling fit took possession of Mrs. Ash, and she had scarcely recovered from it when she went to the evening service on Sunday. Her husband had been out in the morning, but remained at home at night to take care of the younger children, who were suffering from colds. She felt rather lonely without him, but when the text was given out and the preacher began to unfold his subject, she was almost thankful that he was not sitting beside her.

'The Lord heareth your murmurings which ye murmur against Him.'

That was the text, and when the minister, after speaking of murmuring as the great sin of the Israelites, went on to say that the modern name for the same thing was grumbling; that it was a very common sin, and one which people easily excused in themselves, though nevertheless a sin, she felt somewhat uncomfortable.

Not that she would admit it, even to herself, for although conscience would give an occasional prick, and tell her that she had done a good deal of murmuring during the week, she was only the more eager to justify herself, and quite unwilling to acknowledge herself in the wrong, or to own that her grumbling had done any harm.

In this mood she continued during the sermon and until the service was over, when she met Ellen Richards, a young friend who had lately become a Christian, and openly professed her love for the Saviour.

'What an interesting sermon we have had!' said the young girl, enthusiastically. 'I never saw before that there was so much sin in grumbling.

'Well, for my part,' said Mrs. Ash, steadily, 'I don't see that it is such a terrible thing as the minister made out. We all grumble sometimes; it is quite natural, and I don't know how we should get on without it. Surely it is better to have one's grumble out than to bottle it up and brood over it?'

'But if it is sin, and displeases God, it can't be right, and we should rather try to kil the thoughts that give rise to it.'

'That's easier said than done,' replied Mrs. Ash; 'and I must say again that I don't think that a little grumble hurts any one. I don't believe that I've ever done any harm by grumbling.'

'Don't you?' cried the girl, in surprise. 'Oh, Mrs. Ash,' she continued, 'will you let me tell you something that happened to me once—something which makes me dread to hear grumbling?'

'What was it?'

'About two years ago,' said Ellen, 'I was in a great deal of distress and anxiety. I wanted to go to Christ for peace and pardon, but I didn't understand the way, which looks so plain and easy now. One Sunday evening I heard a sermon which seemed to explain a great deal, and I had almost made up my mind to go to Christ at once. As soon as the service was over, I went up to a friend who had been a Christian for years, intending to tell my difficulty and ask her advice. I began by making some casual remark about the sermon, but what was my surprise when she replied, "The sermon? Oh, yes, it was a long one! I thought the minister would never finsh. He kept on saying the same things over and over again till I was quite tired. I wish he would say something fresh. And what a horrid tune we had at the close of the service!"

'What could I say? I had not heeded the tune, and I had listened eagerly to those repeated invitations, longing to hear one more, that I might accept it. But my heart, which had felt so warm and yielding, grew cold at once, and froze beneath those few words. "If one of God's own children cares so little for these things, why should I trouble about them?" I thought; and I went home without opening my lips upon the subject which lay near to my heart, and a whole year passed before I seemed to find an opportunity of coming to Jesus.'

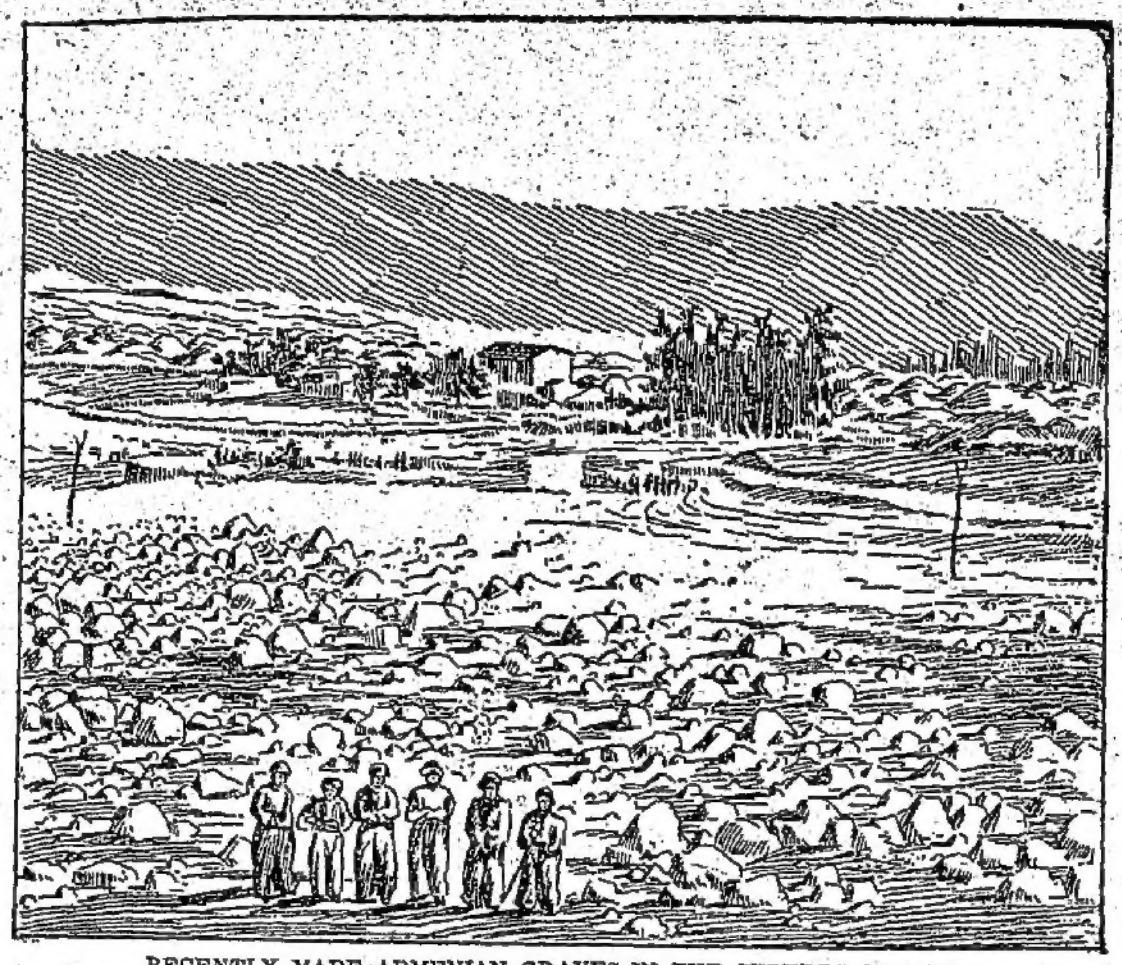
'What was your friend's name?' asked Mrs. Ash, in a low voice.

'Will you be very much offended if I tell you that it was yourself? I should never have mentioned it if you had not said that grumbling never did any harm. I did not wish to grieve you.'

'It is better for me to know the truth,' said Mrs. Ash, 'even though it may not be pleasant; but I never thought that my foolish words could have such a bad effect. To think that they may almost hinder God's work! I knew, though I wouldn't own to it, that my words sometimes made my husband and children unhappy, for I often say more than I really mean when I begin to grumble; but I never felt that it was a sin.'

Mrs. Ash went home that night fully determined to conquer her sin; but it had grown into a habit of such long standing that she fell into it again and again, and she soon found that it was of no use to try merely to check the complaining words which rose to her lips. It was necessary to go farther down, to the very root of the matter, to strive to quell the murmuring spirit, the feelings of discontent which had their place in her heart. And the only way to do this was by opening her heart more fully to the Saviour, by thinking upon His love and the mercies He had given instead of her own discomforts and little worries.

For when Christ comes right into the heart and abides there, discontent shrivels up beneath the warm beams of the Sun of Righteousness, murmurs and grumbling are checked, and the song of praise rises instead of the sigh of sadness.—'Friendly Greetings'.



RECENTLY MADE ARMENIAN GRAVES IN THE SUBURBS OF VAN.

Sunny People.

There's a certain old lady who lives in a little old house with very little in it to make her comfortable. She is rather deaf and she cannot see very well, either. Her hands and feet are all out of shape and full of pain because of her rheumatism. But in spite of all this, you would find her full of sunshine, and as cheery as a robin in June, and it would do you good to see her. I found out one day what keeps her so cheerful.

'When I was a child,' she said, 'my mother taught me every morning, before I got out of bed, to thank God for every good thing that I could think of that He had given me—for a comfortable bed; for each article of clothing; for my breakfast; for a pleasant home; for my friends; and for all my blessings, calling each by name; and so I begin every day with a heart full of praise to God for all He has done and is doing for me.'

Here is the secret, then, of a happy life, this having one's heart full of praise; and when we do as this dear old lady does—that is, count our blessings every day, in a spirit of thanksgiving for them—we shall find many a reason why we should praise God.—Buffalo 'Christian Advocate.'

'God's Man Now.'

Mr. H. J. Clark, of the Poona and Indian Village Mission, writing from Shirwal, gives the following conversation with a high caste native:—'Sahib, I am a Christian, but I am only a "kutcha" (unripe) one.' 'Oh! how is this, Oomar?' said I. 'Well,' he said, 'I have not been baptized; therefore, though I am a Christian, I am not a "pucka" (ripe) one.' 'But who told you about baptism, Oomar?' 'Oh, sahib, it's in the "shastra" (Bible), and so I read it!' 'But, Oomar,' I said, as a little test, 'if you get baptized the Brahmins will become very angry!' 'What does that matter, sahib? I am God's man now, and must not be afraid of any one.' He wants to have about another month at his Bible and then be baptized.

'There are five hundred missionaries in Africa, and the professed converts number more than 25,000 a year.'

Boys and Girls.

Will's 'Valley of Baca.'

(By Annie L. Hannah.)

A sudden jar; a horrid sensation of falling; a sharp, darting pain, and then the next thing of which Will was conscious was the face of a little child gazing down upon him with a look of extreme interest from the footboard of a bed upon which he was lying. It was very strange; he did not in the least understand what it meant; but before he had collected his scattered faculties sufficiently to put a question, a voice, proceeding from the aforesaid young person, asked, 'Did you know that you felled down from your wheel and broke your leg and cut your head?' Then, waiting for no reply, it went on: 'Well, you did, and then you went fast to sleep and father and Roger had to carry you in here just as zif you was a baby; and this is Roger's room, and Roger's gone for the doctor; and mother told me to watch you and tell her when you woked up; 'cause she's making long white strings out of a sheet for the doctor to tie you up with when he comes. And now I'm going to tell her you're awake.'

And with that the creature vanished, only to reappear; and having regained his former position, took up the thread of the one-sided conversation with the information that 'mother is coming right away, but you must lie still and not move; and if I was you I wouldn't cry, not if it hurts ever so, 'cause that's what Roger tells me when I fall and scrape my nose; 'cause men don't cry, Roger says.'

The said Roger, with the doctor, had come; the not too pleasant operation of setting the broken leg and putting two or three stitches in the wounded head was over, and Will was lying with closed eyes trying to compose the letter which must go to his mother the next morning. This 'smash up' seemed to Will to have occurred at the worst possible moment, all things considered. If he had been near home it would not have been quite so hopelessly bad; then, at least, he could have had his mother. But here he was, a hundred miles away, where his mother could not possibly come to him, as his father was ill and needed her constant attention. Well, he must put that thought aside, and get on here as best he could, and as for his own disappointment at being obliged to miss the first term of his Junior year!—

The letter was not composed that night; it took all Will's attention to do that for himself, and he was thankful enough when Roger came to sit with him, announcing his intention of remaining in the room all night, so that he might be at hand in case of necessity.

But the first thing in the morning Will asked for paper and pencil, and proceeded with the following note:—

Dear Mother,—After accomplishing five hundred miles without a scratch, on the sixth I have come to grief. I am going to tell you exactly how matters stand, to save you the trouble of imagining that things are worse than they are. I got a fall from my wheel and a broken leg at one and the same time yesterday afternoon, with a cut in the head added for good measure. That's all there is to it. The doctor—he's a first-class one—has sewed and splinted me up in the most approved style, and says I'm going to have as easy a time as possible under the circumstances. But that's not saying much, and it goes without saying that I'm out of college this first term! The people here are as kind as possible, and will do everything for me. I have had a conversation with my involuntary hostess this morning and have made arrangements for my board and care; but I can see that they're the sort who will do things in a way money won't pay for; you know what I mean, momsey—the hospitality-without-grudging kind. Why, even the minister, a dear old man almost eighty, came to ask after me last night as soon as he heard that a wounded stranger had been washed up on the shores of his parish. So you see that I'm all right, and that you need not worry about me in the least. There's a most entertaining atom of humanity who sits upon the footboard and gives me information and advice; also a nice fellow, a little older than I, Roger by name, to whom I have taken ever so much. He slept in my room—or rather his, out of which I have turned him—last night, to be on hand in case I wanted anything, which I didn't, as the doctor saw to it that I should sleep well.

Please send a pile of books you will find on my desk. I must see what I can do toward keeping up, as I'm not to go back till after Christmas. Don't worry about me; but when father can spare you for a day or so as well as not, you'll see what sort of a welcome you'll get from

Your Battered WILL.

But though Will had tried to put a brave face on in his letter to his mother, the disappointment was bitter indeed, and though the care bestowed upon him was of the kindest, he had many a sad and lonely hour; and even when his books arrived they served to bring the realization of the full meaning of his misfortune only the more strongly to him; and there is no knowing to what a state of mind he might not have brought himself but for a conversation which he had with the 'gnome,' as he had come to call the funny little child who came every day, several times, to his perch on the footboard.

As the days passed by, Will's liking for Roger had increased. He found him a delightful companion, and was constantly astonished by the information he possessed on many subjects, which proved him to have been a close student. He was thinking of this and wondering about it the day that his books had arrived. He had caught a wistful expression in Roger's face as he opened the parcel for him and his eyes fell upon the volumes. What had it meant, he wondered, as he lay looking from the window away to the fields where Roger and his father were stacking corn; 'for all the world like a picture.' But then a great longing to be out there breathing the sweet September air, together with the recollection that this very evening he would have been lying under the trees on the dear old campus, forced a sigh, which was almost a groan, from between Will's lips, and put Roger quite out of his thoughts. But at that sigh a voice—which gave Will the first intimation that he was not alone in the room—proceeding from the foot of the bed remarked laconically, 'Humph!'

'Oh,' said Will, turning his head, 'you're there, are you?'

'Yes; mother sent me to 'muse you.'

'Indeed? Well, then, go on, for I certainly am in need of it!'

'What did you make that noise for when you were looking out of the window?'

'I thought I'd like to be out there helping Roger with the corn,' replied Will, settling himself for whatever was coming. Something always came when the gnome appeared.

'Well, it's a pity you can't be; Roger'd be glad enough to change places with you.'

'What do you mean? How do you know he would? Why should he want to be in bed with an aching leg and cracked head instead of being all right and out of doors this fine evening?' asked Will, really interested.

'What a lot of questions! Well, I know he would, because he said so. It was last night when I was helping him carry home the milk pails. I asked him if he wasn't glad he wasn't you lying here in bed; and he said he'd be you lying in bed quick enough if he could stay you when he got well.'

'But why?' insisted Will. 'What did he want to be me for?'

'There you go again!' scornfully. 'But why? Why, because he'd go to college then! I should think you'd know that; aren't you silly!'

'Well, why doesn't he go to college if he wants to?'

'I'm going straight out of this room,' declared the child indignantly; 'you make me all tired, answering so many questions all the time!' and with that he slipped to the floor.

'But answer just this one more,' begged Will, laughing in spite of himself; 'I'll promise not to ask another.'

The little boy had already reached the door.

'No,' he said, 'I won't.' Then he opened it and went out. But the next moment he put his head in again to say, "I'd like to know how folks can answer questions when they don't know the answers to them themselves! You must be stupid!' And with that he disappeared, leaving Will shaking with laughter. But presently, in his musings, he went back to Roger and his desire to go to college; and the more he thought of it the more ashamed he began to grow of himself. What must this boy think of him for all the growling he had done over losing this one term! He remembered now that Roger had once said, in reply to one of these same 'growls': 'Yes, it is awfully hard, but then you have the prospect of going back always before you;' and he understood now what that prospect would have been to him. It was just as he had arrived at this knowledge that the subject of his thoughts came into the room, and after a few pleasant, cheerful words, which, in the light of his new information, made Will admire him more than he had ever done before, he drew a chair to the bedside and took up one of Will's books from the stand, and in a few moments, forgetful of the fact that he had come to be company for his guest, was deeply buried in its pages. For a while Will lay watching him, thinking what a fine face he had, and what a broad, intellectual brow; but presently, as the dusk deepened, Roger put the book down with a sigh; but the next instant was saying with a little laugh: 'I beg your pardon; I didn't come here to read, but this was so interesting,' laying his hand upon the closed volume, 'that I lost myself before I thought. How are you feeling to-night? Do you know that the doctor thinks you can be about in two weeks now?'

'Does he?' said Will, but not at all with the interest in the matter that might have been expected. And then, with a sudden change of subject: 'See here, Roger, I want to ask you something. Don't answer me if you'd rather not, but if you don't mind, I should very much like to know why you do not go to college. I never saw a fellow who would take to that sort of thing more kindly than you.'

Through the gathering darkness Will heard a quick little breath.

'I do not mind telling you in the least,' Roger replied after a moment's hesitation. 'I do hope to go; father says he will manage it when I am ready. But, there,' with a nervous little laugh, '"is the rub"! I have not been able to prepare myself in several studies that I must be up in. But I'm not going to give it up; though,' almost involuntarily, 'it is discouraging work sometimes, and the waiting is hard!'

'Roger,' said Will, breaking a silence which had followed Roger's last words, 'you're twice as bright as I am, and will go ahead like lightning when once you are started, but because I've just been through it all I think I might be able to give you what you need. Let me tutor you while I am here, that's a good fellow! You'll have a lot of time now, and I have all there is, you know. I don't mean to sound conceited,' as Roger made no reply to his proposition beyond a quick little exclamation, 'but I think that I could do it, knowing so well what is necessary. At any rate it would be no harm to try,' humbly.

'Oh!' cried Roger, starting to his feet and beginning to walk quickly up and down the room in the gathering dusk, 'you cannot imagine that I was hesitating on that account! Don't you see—don't you understand what such an offer means to me! I didn't speak because I couldn't! How shall I ever thank you?'

'Don't try, please!' exclaimed Will quickly, in such a tone of entreaty that Roger laughed in spite of himself; and the strain being thus removed they were able to talk the matter over 'rationally,' as Will expressed it, after which the lamps were lighted and the books brought forth.

No more repining days for Will after that! And as for Roger! well, it would be hard to describe his feelings toward his friend. Bravely and steadily the work went forward, mutual respect, admiration and love increasing between the two boys as the weeks passed; and when the end came, Roger, proud and happy, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, found himself quite ready to return with Will and take his longed-for place. But it was not Roger only who had made great strides during those months.

Will's tall head was bent reverently on that last night, when he had gone to say good-bye to the kind old clergyman who had watched with loving interest the progress of the two. 'God bless you, my boy,' he had said, laying his hand tenderly upon the broad shoulder, 'God bless you for what you have done here! You might have spent the time in murmuring and repining; but instead of that, coming upon your valley of Baca, you have made there a well.'

Which sent Will, wondering, to his Bible. —'Wellspring.'

Thanksgiving.

That fields have yielded ample store
Of fruit and wheat and corn,
That nights of restful blessedness
Have followed each new morn;
That flowers have blossomed by the paths
That thread our working days,
That love has filled us with delight,
We offer heartfelt praise.

What shall we say of sorrow's hours,
Of hunger and denial,
Of tears, and loneliness, and loss,
Of long and bitter trial?
Oh, in the darkness have not we
Seen new, resplendent stars?
Have we not learned some song of faith
Within our prison bars?

Not only for the earth's rich gifts,
Strewn thick along our way,
Her scenes of constant loveliness,
We thank our God to-day;
But for the spirit's subtle growth,
The higher, better part,
The treasures gathered in the soul—
The harvest of the heart.

—Mary F. Butts, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Thankful For What.

Have you ever been tempted to feel that you had no reason to keep Thanksgiving? Ernest Gilmore, in 'The Intelligencer,' comments upon such an ungrateful spirit as follows:—

Some one tells the story of an English preacher who takes a hungry man into a hall with plates laid for 1,460 persons. Here are supplies of all kinds in bountiful profusion. The man would like to sit down at one of these plates.

'Ah!' said his guide, 'would you be thankful? Then you shall have your breakfast, something quite as good as anything here; only just wait until I tell you something. You can't have these, for they are the ghosts of what you have already had. They are the 365 breakfasts, the 365 dinners, the 365 teas, and the 365 suppers you had last year. They make 1,460 in all.'

'You don't mean to say I had all those?'

'Yes, and many basketfuls of odds and ends beside.'

Gilmore, in commenting on the above story, said, 'And now we will dismiss our friend to eat his meal, we trust with some new feelings dawning upon him of what heaps of mercies he has had even in this one matter of food.' Our mercies are continuous. If we should attempt to make a computation of them, we would find that we could never pay the debt we owe our Lord. We may live to be old, but we never outlive eternal love—it is a shoreless ocean.

Spurgeon calls providential goodness 'an endless chain, a stream which follows the pilgrim, a wheel perpetually revolving, a star forever shining, and leading us to the place where He is who was once a babe in Bethlehem.'

Thanksgiving is only a just tribute for all the blessings a loving Father has showered upon us.—'Bright Jewels.'

Jimmy Croly's Coo-operative Thanksgiving Dinner.

(By John Bennett.)

Jimmy Croly's mother kept the apple stand at the Main street corner until the Italian started the fruit store in the North Block. Then she took to peddling from door to door; for customers preferred dealing at the Italian's to fumbling in their pockets with gloves on, for change, on a cold night out in the street.

A few said they were sorry for Mrs. Croly, but they bought nothing of her; and saying they were sorry did her little good, for she caught cold the night of the blizzard and died, leaving Jimmy without home or kin.

We all pitied Jimmy. He was a good little chap, and it was lonely sleeping back of Hedrick's meat shop and eating where he could.

The middle of November came round. Some of the Sixth street tenement-house boys were sitting about the hot gratings at the candy kitchen, warming their feet and bantering each other in street-boy way. Jimmy was perched on the ash box looking rather quiet.

'Thanksgiving's next week,' said Whitey Durkin.

'How do you know?' demanded Dinkey Roach.

'It's in the paper.'

'Well, that don't make it so,' growled Dinkey.

'D'ye mean to call me a liar?' cried Whitey, flaring up.

'Oh, come, boys,' said Jimmy, 'stop your fussing. You're no better than a gang of Polocks!'

The squabble stopped right there; for they were all afraid of Jimmy Croly, just because he never boasted of what he could do.

Jimmy was thinking of his mother, who had always made something of Thanksgiving; and he was growing a trifle queer in the throat, as he remembered the doughnuts she had made, just the year before, and hidden in the cracked tureen for a surprise.

'Say, boys,' said he, all at once, hopping down from the box, 'what are you going to do this Thanksgiving?'

'T'anksgifin'?' piped Swede Anderson; 'wot iss dem?'

'Oh,' said Whitey Durkin, licking his thin lips hungrily; 'there's long tables as white as snow in the country; and turkeys as big as a drummer's valise, with orsters and spice inside. And there's bokays and pies and puddin's and things, like a bakeshop winder on Saturday night. And a feller just sets right down and fills up; and no-

body says, "Don't," nor bats ye over the head for askin' for more. You bet it's prime! I seen one once when the Protestants fed the Water street folks during the big flood.'

'Oh, it's only a Protestant day then, is it?' growled Dinkey Roach; 'what good'll that do us Catholics?'

'It's for everybody,' declared Jimmy; 'Catholics, and Protestants, and heathens, and—and Dagoes, too, I suppose.' He thought of the fruit store and of his mother, but was fair to the Italians for all that. 'As near as I can make out,' he continued, 'it's this way: A good many years ago there was a strike all over the country, and such hard times everywhere that folks in one place couldn't send things to another to help out. But just before people were pretty near starved they settled it somehow, and all the shops began running full time again. Everybody felt mighty glad, you'd better believe, after going short commons all winter and no wages coming in Saturday nights; and the Governor said that every year after that everybody was to take a day off from their regular job, and just be thankful that they didn't starve to death that time. But nowadays most folks just take the chance to fill up on the best things they can get and be thankful that they've got 'em.'

'S'posin' ye ain't got 'em?' snapped Dinkey Roach.

Jimmy was silent. He was thinking of that himself.

'I'll tell you what,' said he, slowly; 'us fellers has got to have a coo-operative Thanksgiving dinner.'

Swede Anderson looked around as if he suspected that strange word.

'Mother and I always kept Thanksgiving,' Jimmy went on, softly, 'and if I didn't keep it a little bit she might think—that I was—forgetting.' He stopped huskily.

'How do you have these coo—coo—what d'ye call 'ems?' asked Cotton Morgan, looking over at the 'Times' office to see if the afternoon papers were coming off the press yet.

'Why,' said Jimmy, 'everybody throws in something to eat, and then they all eat together; so that each has a piece of everybody else's things, and not just one sort of stuff all the time.'

'An' if ye don't throw in, ye don't eat,' snarled Dinkey Roach.

'Of course not,' replied Jimmy; 'and if anybody don't want to throw in, they don't have to, so you needn't fret about it, Dinkey Roach; you'll be keen enough to come when you see the spread.'

At that they all pricked up their ears. Jimmy saw that the iron was hot. 'Morgan can get a nickel's worth of bananas,' said he, 'and Whitey a five-cent mince pie at the Dutchman's.'

'Not much,' cried Whitey, with sparkling eyes; 'I'll get a ten-center at Burke's. They sells 'em for five, warmed over, after the bottom gets soft in the pan; and they're lots better then than fresh. The mince meat and raisins just squirt through your teeth—um-m-m!' and he sniffed ravenously at the savory steam puffing up from below.

'Swede can get a five-cent loaf of Vienna bread'—

'T'ree cent apiece—two for five w'en it got stale,' grinned Swede, eagerly. 'The baker-man it make cooklies mit chooger on her, too. I carry some more wood—she gif me hatful—burnt ones—bully-goot—oh, my!'

'And some one else can get crackers and cheese and bologny.'

'And some beer,' suggested Dinkey Roach.

'Not a drop!' said Jimmy, sharply.

'Humph!' sneered Dinkey, not to be sat down upon; 'where ye goin' to have yer old temprance thingumbob? Out in the street or back in the alley?'

Jimmy hesitated. 'Neither,' said he; 'it's too cold. Never you mind. You fellers just throw in the things to eat, and I'll find somewhere to eat 'em.'

That evening mother heard some one wiping his feet on our side porch. Thinking it was the washerwoman's boy for the clothes, she opened the door. It was Jimmy Croly.

'Good-evening, Mrs. Martin,' said he, as he pulled off his cap; 'are you using your back shed, ma'am?'

'Which shed?' asked mother, astonished, 'the summer kitchen?'

'Yes'm.'

'No,' said mother; 'we never use it in winter.'

'Then, please, ma'am,' said Jimmy, getting very red, 'would you mind lettin' us fellers eat our coo-operative Thanksgiving dinner there? We'll be careful, ma'am, and not hurt things. And I'll see that the fellers ain't too noisy and don't swear none; and there sha'n't be no tobacker whatever; and I'll do your chores, ma'am, just as long as you say.'

Mother stared. 'What in the world are you talking about, Jimmy Croly?' said she.

Jimmy told her his plan. 'You see, ma'am,' said he, 'there's no place to eat it outdoors but the board yard or the crockery crates in the alley.'

'Well, bless your heart, child,' said mother, who likes boys anyway, 'you won't eat on crockery crates this Thanksgiving; you may have the shed and welcome. I'll have the girl tidy it up right away, and have a good big fire ready for you.'

By that time my sister Nell was as much interested as mother. 'We can put all the chrysanthemums out in the shed, too, mother,' said she, 'so that it won't look so bare.'

'Yes,' assented mother; 'and if there's to be anything warm, Jimmy, just bring it up early. We can pop it right into the oven, and I'll keep an eye on it myself.'

'You're awfully good, ma'am!' cried Jimmy, beaming with gratitude and delight.

'Oh, no, I'm not,' laughed mother, in her jolly way; 'but I've a boy of my own.'

The first disagreement arose next morning.

'Nance Ireland's sister, that's dishwasher at McGahan's, will give Nance a pan of potaters and onions!' reported Squinty Langmacck, gleefully.

'Nance Ireland?' snarled Dinkey Roach; 'if there's girls, I quit.'

'Well, if Nance don't come, I won't nuther, retorted Squinty; 'nor I won't give no ginger cakes.'

At this they all took it up hotly for and against the girls, until Jimmy, turning red and then pale, said, with a flash in his gray eyes: 'Look here! My mother was a girl once, and anybody that's got anything mean to say about girls just remember that, please; for any feller here that's too good for girls is too good to be any friend of mine. And what's more, any girl that's good enough to give us something to eat is more than good enough to eat with us.' Then he turned to Squinty Langmacck: 'Tell Nance to come along with her potatoes, and welcome. Anybody that throws a slur at her will eat mighty hot sauce on his sausages.'

After that there was nothing more said against girls, and before long they were all glad enough that the girls were to come; for Pearl Thorne's aunt promised her a pot of beans; and Lizzie Filer, who cooks for her brother Steve since their mother died of typhoid in September, came dancing out to say that Steve had been ordered over on the north section with the bridge gang, but had left her as much of his wages as if he were at home; so that she was coming 'for company's sake,' and would bring cranberries—'Clear and red and shaky, like jelly,' she cried; 'and hot soda biscuits—I can make 'em just prime—crisp and brown, and light as a feather!'

'Whoopee!' shouted Dinkey Roach, forgetting to be sour; 'it's going to be a spread like regular kings.'

'And, Jimmy,' said Lizzie, 'if you'll be real careful of 'em, I'll lend you our plates and saucers. They'll be 'most enough to go round, I guess.'

'That's splendid!' exclaimed Jimmy; 'I hadn't once thought of dishes. Lizzie, you're a trump!'

'That's all right, Jimmy,' said she; 'you was good to me when mother died.'

Sunday morning when Jimmy came into the State Street Mission, he was greeted by an eager crowd. Everybody had heard of the 'coo-operative dinner,' and all wanted to come.

'No,' said Jimmy, firmly, 'nobody sha'n't come to this dinner but them that has no people nor square meals at home.'

Yet even then the list crept up so fast that Jimmy looked grave. 'I'm afraid there won't be room,' said he; 'and we can't leave any out now—they'd feel too bad. And there's Humpy Graham and Lame Billy yet!'

After church he came to see mother in great distress. 'It's got clear away from me, ma'am,' said he. 'We hadn't dishes enough as it was; and now there's too many kids even to get into the shed. There's thirty-two of 'em, ma'am, besides me. I guess we'll have to give it up;' and he choked down a gulp.

'Jimmy,' said sister Nell, suddenly, 'bring me the names of all that are to come to your dinner, before seven o'clock to-morrow evening.'

She spoke so briskly and with such a business-like air that Jimmy brightened up. 'Do you think it can be fixed?' he asked, eagerly.

'I don't know,' replied Nell, thinking hard; 'but bring me those names and we'll see.'

Monday evening, sharp to the dot, Jimmy came with this list, wonderfully written out on a sheet of manilla wrapping paper:

Whitey Durkin	Ferrazoulo the dago
Red Durkin	Bohannon
Crazy Taylor	Harrison
Swede Anderson	Armie
Fat Anderson	Dunce Carr
Dinkey Roach	Humpy Graham
Squinty Langmacck	Lame Billy and me
Griffin	Lizzie Filer
Merino	Nance Ireland
Lyons	Mag Carr and Lulu
Reddy Smith	Betsy Kool
Hustle Burke	Pearl Thorne
Mouse Fechtinger	Rosey Johnson
Yorky	Swipe Johnson
Bunk Williams	(girls)
Lizard Hedwig	Muckle Dunn.

'I can't write so very well,' said he, flushing up; 'but maybe it will do.'

'It will do much better as it is, Jimmy,' said Nell, kindly, 'than if it were much better done.'

At half-past nine she came home from chapel, her eyes bright as stars. 'It's all right,' she cried, gleefully; 'Uncle Charley says we may use the empty store-room in the Nolan block; and we girls of St. Catherine's Guild are going to take the whole thing in charge and give Jimmy Croly and his 'coo-operative crowd' the best Thanksgiving dinner they ever ate! We've ten dollars in the treasury; and Mrs. Norton

will give a turkey, and Mrs. Judge Thompson another. Clara Judd's father says he will send us a box of oranges; and I promised that you would make us a cake, mother, with chocolate on it as thick as my finger. All the girls are to help; and Judge Thompson says that the grocers will let us have things at cost when they know what they're for. It's just going to be the jolliest kind of a time!'

But Tuesday morning the first thing she saw in the 'Tribune' was a paragraph at the head of its city column:

'The young ladies of St. Catherine's Guild of St. Paul's Episcopal Church will give a Thanksgiving dinner to all the poor children of the city.'

'Why, mother,' she cried, in dismay; 'it says we are to feed all the poor children of the city; and we are only—'

Just then the bell rang. It was Clara Judd, Louise Carr and Bess Norton, all out of breath. 'Oh, Nell!' they gasped, sinking into chairs and panting hysterically.

'Yes,' exclaimed Nell, 'I saw it in the 'Tribune.' It's just too bad—they've spoiled it all. Why don't these newspapers get things right?'

'But it is right!' panted Clara.

'All the poor children?' gasped Nell. 'Why what—how—'

'Major Carr did it—he and papa—this morning. They just went to every baker and grocer down-town and asked what they would give. And McKay & Beach are to send a barrel of apples, and Wade Brothers are going to give all the potatoes.'

'And Burke will give fifty mince and pumpkin pies,' chimed in Bess, 'and a hamper of buttered buns. And Ogden will bake all the turkeys for nothing—there's fifteen promised already!'

'And they've chartered Grand Army Memorial Hall,' cried all three at once; 'and the dinner's to be there!'

'But who's to pay?' faltered Nell.

'There's nothing to pay! Everybody gives everything free; hall, heat and light, cooks, dishes, ice cream and cakes. And we're to wear white caps and aprons and wait on the tables. Won't it be fine?'

That was the way it went all day long. When once it was started every one wanted to help. Bags and barrels, crates, baskets and hampers of good things came thumping in at the doors of Memorial Hall, while Norton's bay team and surrey full of St. Catherine's girls was flying from morning till night.

Memorial Hall was a sight to see that Thursday! The snowy tables were ranged in the form of a great St. Andrew's cross in the centre of the main floor, with ice cream tables at the ends, and side tables for carving the turkeys and serving the hot things placed conveniently between the arms. The long range in the kitchen roared merrily, with Aunt Serena Gray in command, and all the girls looked pretty as pictures in their dainty uniforms. The boys on our block helped to wait, and had borrowed the white caps, jackets and aprons of the force at the St. Francis Hotel, so that they looked very trim and professional.

Over two hundred ragged waifs, of all colors and nationalities, were seated around the tables, and when all was ready the rector of St. Paul's arose and said: 'Boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen—this is Jimmy Croly's "coo-operative Thanksgiving dinner."'

'Oh, my!' gasped Jimmy, sinking back in his chair.

'True, it is bigger than Jimmy dreamed when he started out; but if it had not been for his suggestion we would not be here now, and many of these that feast to-day would have gone both hungry and cold. So, for us all, I am glad to say "Thank you, Jimmy Croly."'

Then turning to face the hall, he said, softly and solemnly, yet so that every one could hear: 'And while thanking the lad whose kindly idea grew into this generous feast for the poor, let us also thank the Giver of all good things. Jimmy Croly, won't you ask a blessing on this dinner and all who have a part in it?'

Jimmy caught his breath. He had not heard grace since his mother died. He grew a little pale; and then his eyes shone out as they did when he spoke of his mother.

'Yes, sir,' he said, rising quietly, and turning to the boys and girls, who were already hungrily reaching about: 'Don't begin yet,' said he, 'but bow your heads.'

They all bowed their heads; and Jimmy bowed his, standing there alone in their midst, and began: 'We thank thee, O Lord,' as he had heard his mother begin so many times; but his voice trembled and stopped. He tried to go on, but the words seemed to choke him. Then all at once he spoke out, strong and cheery, 'Dear God, you know all the rest that I want to say better than I can say it; but I mean it with all my heart—for mother's sake. Amen.' Then he sat down.

For a moment there was not the slightest sound in the great hall. Then suddenly some hungry little chap set his teeth into a chunk of turkey with a juicy crunch!

It would have done your hearts good to see how they tucked the turkey and cranberry sauce away under their little belts, and to hear how they shouted when the dinner was over at last and each ragged urchin, with his stomach filled to the verge of repletion for once in his life, was sent away with an orange, an apple, and a great brown doughnut done up in a paper sack! And the remains of that feast fed many a poor family for the rest of that week.

The girls were worn out at the end of the day; but none of them minded that. Nell came home fairly glowing with satisfaction and pleasure. 'Mother,' said she, 'what do you think; Clara Judd's father is going to give Jimmy Croly a place in his warehouse and send him to night school. He's to board at Joe Martin's and sleep with the boys. Mr. Judd says there is a place in the world for a boy who can start such a "coo-operative dinner" as that!'

Thankfulness.

For all that God in mercy sends;
For health and parents, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for stream and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these, and everything we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to thee,
For everything give thanks.

—'Bright Jewels.'

'Clean Money.'

(By Faye Huntington.)

It was a bleak November day; the wind whistled through the evergreen trees at the north side of the farmhouse, and now and then gusts of rain and sleet beat upon the windows. And in the face of this weather Mr. and Mrs. Ames had driven away soon after breakfast.

'It is a bad day for the horses as well as for ourselves,' Mrs. Ames remarked, as she buttoned her mackintosh and drew a waterproof hood over her hat, 'but Mrs. Butler has been such a good friend that we do not feel that we can stay away from her funeral if it is possible to go. I am sorry that the weather and Robin's sore throat will keep the children indoors all day. I hope they will not trouble you too much, but you will have to put up with some noise and considerable litter.'

But Miss Bates, the neighbor, who had come to spend the day and 'look after things,' responded cheerily, 'Oh, we will all enjoy the noise and the litter together!'

'That is a good way to look at it!' said Mr. Ames, tugging at a stubborn overshoe, adding, 'Mr. Miles will see to everything out of doors, so you will only have these youngsters to keep within bounds!'

By three o'clock the children were tired of toys and games, tired of staying indoors, and I suspect tired of home without father and mother. It was then that Miss Bates said:

'Can't we have some pop-corn?'

'Indeed we can!' returned Robin, and Karl and Lucy scampered off to the woodhouse chamber to bring the corn. Then for a time the shelling and the popping went on, while the trio kept up a series of joyful exclamations at the wonderful results of Robin's vigorous shaking over the glowing coals. Miss Bates in her corner by the west window, enjoyed the frolic and read the 'Temperance Advocate' by snatches. Presently there was a sound of quick steps in the little back entry, followed by the rustle of shaking umbrellas; then the door opened, and without ceremony a boy a year or so older than Robin and a girl about Karl's age came in.

There were joyful greetings, and soon the heaped-up bowl of snowy corn was set on the table, and they all gathered about for a feast. While Lucy and Karl entertained the younger visitor, the two elder boys chatted, and all together they made heavy inroads upon the pop-corn.

'Did you raise much pop-corn this year?' asked the visitor.

'Well, you just ought to go up into our woodhouse chamber and see the strings of it all braided up!'

'I planted a piece, but it didn't do very well, though my field-corn turned out first-rate.'

'I told father of the offer your father made to plough and plant and cultivate and give you the crop if you did the hoeing and harvesting, and he said he would do the same for me. And I have seven bushels of nice corn.'

'Why, that's good! What are you going to do with it?'

'Oh, sell it, of course! Father went to see Norton yesterday about selling his crop, and I suppose mine will go with the rest. He will give sixty cents, that will be four dollars and twenty cents. I think that is pretty good, and it will help out on my Christmas money!'

Fred Smith, the visitor, looked troubled, and he spoke hesitatingly. 'Robin, don't you know that Norton buys corn to make whiskey of?'

'Why, no—he is not a whiskey man.

heard him tell uncle John that he was just as good a temperance man as any of the rest.'

'I can't help what he says, he is buying corn for the distillery over at the Hollow,' insisted Fred.

'How do you know? I don't believe it!' said Robin stoutly.

'He came to our house to buy corn, and I heard father tell mother that he did not think it would be right to sell the corn to go to the distillery, though he would give five cents more on a bushel. And I should not think a Loyal Legion boy would want to raise corn to make into whiskey.'

'So I don't! But if my father sells his, I think it must be all right—you say your father won't sell to Norton?'

The talk ran on for a little while—one twelve-year-old boy stoutly declaring that it was not right to raise corn to make into liquor, the other arguing like older boys and men whose moral perceptions are dimmed by the love of gain. He was not going to make whiskey, he only raised corn the same as Fred did, and he was only going to sell it where he could get the most money for it. Finally, Fred appealed to Miss Bates, who said:

'Robin, would you stand behind a counter and sell liquor?'

Robin indignantly declared that he would never do such a thing.

'Would you rent a building if you owned one, for a saloon?'

Indeed, Robin would not do that either.

'But you would only be renting houses like other people, and renting them to the one who would pay the most money for the use of the building. I think you as boys want to keep just as far away from this curse as you possibly can. Everything in the world seems so mixed up with the liquor business that it is not always possible to keep clear. But when you know that the thing you are planning to do will help on the trade, even though it be only to the extent of adding a few gallons to the millions annually manufactured, then is the time to stand firm. It is just like everything else, begin by going just a little wrong, and you will very likely end by getting deep into the traffic. Robin, I wouldn't do it.'

Robin was rather quiet the rest of the day. He had been a member of the Loyal Legion long enough to understand the principle involved; but that extra five cents on every one of his seven bushels seemed almost too much of a sacrifice to make—besides, what would his father say? He would be called a simpleton or a crank, if nothing worse. But before he went to bed his mind was made up. The twelve-year-old boy had fought a battle and won.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Ames remarked, 'I suppose I may as well let Norton have the crop of corn at his offer. Robin, I presume you would like to have yours go in with the rest?'

'No, sir; I have made up my mind not to let Norton have it. I guess I'll take Prince and the light waggon and draw my corn down to the mill.'

'But they will not pay so much by five cents a bushel,' expostulated Mr. Ames.

'I know that, but every cent will be temperance money,' replied Robin, adding, 'You know I belong to the Loyal Temperance Legion, and I wouldn't be very loyal if I sold myself for five cents.'

Robin was working away at his bookstrap, and having secured it, he rushed off for school, leaving his astonished father to think it over.

'George,' said Mrs. Ames, 'maybe there's a lesson for you in our boy's ideas of loyalty.'

Here the question rested for several days. One morning Mr. Ames said:

'Patrick, I think we will begin drawing corn to-day. The roads are pretty bad, and I think I won't haul it over to the Hollow. That west hill is a terror at its best, and just now it is almost impassable, so we will let Pratt have the corn.' Turning to Robin he added, 'You can put yours on the first load and stop on your way to school, and attend to the weighing, and get your money. I suppose you will call it "clean money"?'

'Indeed I will! And I mean always to have "clean money."'

'Well, I reckon you're right, but somehow it costs!'

'I think it is the other kind that costs!' returned Robin.—'Youthful Temperance Banner.'

A Friendless Couple.

Some months ago a lady driving along the outskirts of a large English watering place was suddenly astonished by her coachman pulling up the horses very quickly. On inquiring what was the matter, the man replied that two children were lying in the middle of the road, and that he had almost driven over them.

The lady wondered what they could be doing, asleep in such a place, and asked them a few questions as to their names and where they lived.

They were a boy and a girl. The girl, though younger, answered all the questions, and said that her brother's name was Ted, and her own Judy; that their mother and father had died some months before, and that they had tramped about together ever since. They had come from a town in the north of England, and had lived on what odd scraps of meat and bread they could find. As to their clothes, they were ragged and scanty enough, and for washing they had plunged into any water they had seen in their travels!

The kind lady had pity on these friendless children, and took them home with her; but she soon found that they behaved so badly that she could not possibly keep them at her house. She tried to get a nice home for them everywhere, but in vain. No one would take them. In despair she sent to Dr. Barnardo, and in the Homes where no destitute children are ever turned away, a refuge was at last found for them.

But not even Dr. Barnardo, with all the hundreds of boys and girls he has helped, had often had such a pair as this. They were never out of mischief, and one day were found to have had a bath in the filtered water cistern—both of them in their clothes!

After that the kind Doctor felt he must separate them, and so Judy was sent to the Ilford Homes, where she is now doing well. One talent she has at any rate, which will be useful in her after life; for in the singing in the Sunday services one voice rises above the rest clear and sweet, and now the once friendless Judy helps to praise the Saviour, for whose sake she has been cared for and sheltered.—'Our Darlings.'

Arise.

Arise! for the day is passing
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Were India's population equally divided among its 1,686 missionaries, each would have a parish of 165,864 souls.

If every missionary in India could reach 47,000 souls, 200,000,000 people there would still be left unreached.

Saying 'Good Night.'

There is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which falls like dew upon the heart. 'Good night!' The little one lisps it as, gowned in white, with shining face and hands, and prayers said, she toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish; parents and children; friends and friends. Familiar use has robbed it of its significance to some of us; we repeat it automatically without much thought. But consider. We are, as voyagers, putting off from time to time upon an unexplored sea. Our barques of life set sail and go onward into the darkness; and we, asleep on our pillows, take no such care as we do when awake and journeying by daylight. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be, we take no heed. An unsleeping vigilance watches over us, but it is the vigilance of One stronger and wiser than we, who is the Eternal Good. Good and God spring from the same root, and are the same in meaning. 'Good-bye' is only 'God be with you.' 'Good night' is really 'God-night,' or 'God guard the night.'

It would be a churlish household in which these gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alike the happy and the sorrowful, day by day, may say, 'Good night.'—'Buds of Promise.'

When I Have Time.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care,
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent—
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear;
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.
—'Alliance News.'

The following health precautions are valuable: Never lean with the back against anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten. Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish a habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the open mouth. After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment. It is dangerous to health or even life. When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat produced. Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has been comfortably warmed; to do otherwise is debilitating.—'Michigan Advocate.'

Little Folks.

The Broken Branch.

'There it is; I can see it. Look, Bob; do you think the branch will bear? I could climb the tree and creep along the branch easily enough, but the question is, Will the old thing bear? It looks a bit rotton.'

'Father said we were not to climb that tree at all, Frank; he said the whole thing was unsafe, and the water's precious deep just there.'

'Bosh!' said Frank, who was always urged on by opposition. 'Father's always in a funk about our climbing; besides, he did not know there was a chance of our getting a rare egg like that. You know he's awfully keen about our collection, and we're absolutely certain we saw the bird fly off. The only question is, Who's to do it? You're far the lightest; but then, if you do topple in, you can't swim any distance. I'll try it first.'

The boy swung himself lightly up the tree, and having reached the branch in question, proceeded carefully to try its strength.

'It's safe enough for you,' he shouted; 'but wait a moment. Yes, I saw the nest quite plainly; there are at least three eggs. Hold hard! I'm coming;' and he again dropped to the ground.

'Look here, Bob: we'll both climb the tree, and then you shall crawl as far as is safe along the branch while I hold on to your leg. Then if the old thing does go, I shall have you tight enough; that must be safe.'

'It does not sound very pleasant to be hanging over the water held by one leg,' said Bob; 'and you might let me go.'

'Stuff! you are a funk; we should only get a wetting if we did go in, and the eggs are worth that. Up you go.'

They climbed the tree easily enough, and Bob crawled along the treacherous branch.

'It's safe, you see,' called Frank; lay yourself along it. I'll hold your leg. That's it. Got it?'

'Yes,' said Bob, in rather a shaky voice.

'Well, then, stuff 'em in your mouth and creep back. That's it.'

Crash! crash! went the branch, and both boys fell headlong into the water. Frank rose in a second, and struck out boldly; but where was Bob? There, a few yards off!

'Strike out, Bob,' he shouted; 'you're close to the bank. I'm here.'

But Bob made no attempt at swimming. As he rose the second time, Frank managed to catch at his head, and tried desperately to keep them both afloat, for he saw that his brother had a big wound across his forehead, and that all chance of safety depended on himself alone.

It seemed to Frank hours before he reached the bank; in reality it was only a few moments, for Frank was a powerful swimmer. He dragged his brother up, and vainly tried to bring him back to consciousness. The boy lay with closed eyes and bleeding head where Frank had laid him. For a moment a horrible

thought that he was dead crossed Frank's mind; but no, he was alive, he knew. How should he get him home?

'Bob, old fellow, wake up,' he cried.

Then, as he saw a man on the towing-path, he shouted, 'Hi! hi! can you carry my brother home. He's tumbled in the river and hurt his head.'

'Hurt his head; I should think he had, indeed,' said the man. 'Thought you was forbidden to climb them trees by the river, Mr. Frank; here's a pretty job.'

He lifted the boy tenderly in his arms, and carried him to the Hall; but it was not for many long weeks that Bob could walk to the river again, and Frank had received a life-long lesson.—'Our Darlings.'

Everything we do will be great when it is what God wants done.

November.

By Ada Shelton.

O dear old dull November;
They don't speak well of you;
They say your winds are chilling,
Your skies are seldom blue.
They tell how you go sighing
Among the leafless trees;
You have no warmth or brightness:
All kinds of things like these.

But, dearie me! November,
They've quite forgot to speak
About the wealth of color
On each round apple's cheek!
How yellow is each pumpkin
That in the meadow lies.
Almost as good as sunshine,
And better still for pies.

Why, yes, dear old November,
You've lots of pleasant things;
All through the month we're longing
To taste your turkey wings.
What if you're dull a trifle,
Or just a little gray?
If not for you we'd never have
Dear old Thanksgiving Day.

—'Temperance Banner.'

Baseness of Falsehood.

No vice so overwhelms a man with shame, once said Lord Bacon, as when he is found false and perfidious. Montaigne, therefore, answered well, when, being asked why giving the lie should be so disgraceful a charge, he replied, 'If it be well weighed, to say a man lies is as much as to say he is a bravado to God, and a coward to men.' For the liar insults God, and crouches to men.—'Family Record.'

Go Through With Things.

It had been wet all day in London. The streets were sloppy, and the vehicles plodding along, sent up sparks of mud with every revolution of their wheels, so that passers-by on the pavements were apt to get splashed in spite of the utmost care.

And now the rain was over; the sun was shining out brilliantly in the western sky, as if to make up by his brightness for his enforced absence since early morning from the scene, and a young lady going down Ludgate Hill looked down at her skirts and muddy boots with great disapprobation.

'My dress is not so bad,' she murmured to herself, 'but my boots are shocking. I don't see how I can present myself at Mrs. Ellesmere's like this. If there was only any place where one could go to tidy up a little.'

She looked round, but she was a stranger in London, and timid about pushing her way into a hotel or restaurant. This was Helen Macdonald's first visit to the metropolis. She was going to see a lady in the West End, who had advertised for a governess. Helen had answered the advertisement and if to-day's interview was satisfactory she expected to obtain the situation. Naturally, therefore, she was anxious about her appearance, upon which so much might depend.

At this moment she arrived close to the railway arch, and there she noticed a bright-looking shoeblack standing looking out for customers, now that the rain was over. 'The very thing,' thought Helen, and immediately she advanced to him and put her foot up on the block.

'Have your shoes blacked, mum?' inquired the boy, lifting his cap, and then taking his brush in his hand.

'Yes,' said Helen. 'I think they want it, don't you?'

The boy laughed. 'I'll shine 'em for you, so you won't know 'em again, miss," he answered, beginning to rub vigorously.

So far so good, but presently the young lady discovered, much to her annoyance, that she was becoming an object of general observation. First one or two passengers halted, then several more, till soon quite a small crowd gathered under the arch.

'What are all those people looking at?' she asked of the boy at her feet. 'Is it not a common thing for a lady to have her boots cleaned in the street?'

'Not very, mum,' the boy admitted reluctantly, having been too polite to say so at first; 'but I wouldn't mind the folk starin', if I was you. You ain't doin' no wrong, miss.'

'That's true,' said Helen, whose face was getting rather hot, 'but I think you had better stop, please. It's not nice to have everybody looking at me.'

'Oh, miss, don't give in,' urged the boy, taking up another brush. 'It's best to go through with things once you begin. Stick to it, mum, stick to it, and never mind what people think.'

'Well,' said Helen, 'I believe you're right, I will.'

'That's the ticket, miss,' respond-

ed the boy, polishing away with might and main. 'Leastways our Band of Hope gentleman always says so.'

'You're a Band of Hope boy, then?' said Helen. 'I'm glad of that, for I belong to one too. So we are both people with principles, it seems.'

'Right you are, miss,' the shoeblack replied cheerily. 'No whisky or beer or any of that trash for yours truly, if he knows it. There now, miss, they're done, and beautiful they are too. I've giv'd 'em an extra shine 'cos you're one of the true blue, d'ye see?'

Resplendant they truly were, and Helen having paid, bade the boy good-bye, and went on her way rejoicing, while a gentleman who had been lingering near went up to the little shoeblack, and slipped a shilling in his hand.

'You've taught me a lesson today, my little man,' he remarked. 'I heard what you said just now to the young lady who has gone away, and after this I hope I'll not forget to stick to my principles.'

And Dr. Thornecliff, who had just been coming to the conclusion that a medical man who was at the same time an abstainer never would succeed, went home determined not to swerve from his pledge whatever his patients might think or do.

Children, don't forget little Tim the shoeblack on Ludgate Hill, and 'go through with things,' once you know you're right.—'Adviser.'

Heavenly Sunshine.

God sees in us the possibility of becoming like the great cedars, full of shade and comfort for every weary and tired brother or sister who passes our way.

There is a sure means to make our garments to smell sweet, and that is to give them an abundance of heavenly sunshine.

How soon Lebanon, with its great cedars, would have been covered with moss and mould and unwholesome vapors if the sun had ceased to shine upon it! So only the sunshine reflected from the face of Jesus Christ can keep fresh and sweet our human lives.

A visitor went one cold day to see a poor girl kept at home by a diseased hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not pleasant without, and in many ways was very cheerless within. Poor girl! she seemed to have very little to cheer and comfort her, and as the visitor entered the room, the first thought was, 'If she only had a sunny room on the south side of the house!'

Thinking of this, her visitor said, 'You never have any sun; not a ray comes into these windows. Sunshine is everything. I wish you could have a little.'

'Oh,' the girl answered, 'my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks. All the light I want is in Jesus. He shines in here, and makes everything bright to me.'

And no one could doubt her who saw the sweet smile of happiness on her upturned face. Yes, Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, shining in, can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.—'Buds of Promise.'

Whoever believes God's truth gets God's reward for doing it.

My Plea.

(By Alice L. Simpson.)

Have you seen my little child to-day,
  Leading her father home?
    Rosy cheeks and smiles,
    Dimples with their wiles,
  Locks the winds to ripples comb —
Have you seen my little child to-day?

Brave and loving little heart alway,
  Leading her father home;
    Stepping slow the while,
    Innocent of guile,
  As the lambs that green hills roam,
Leading home her father gone astray.

Close she holds his strengthless hand alway,
  Leading her father home.
    Reeling step, blank smile,
    Maudlin words that soil
  E'en the weeds rank in the loam.
Yet she gently leads him home alway.

If you see my little child to-day,
  Leading her father home—
    Mothers with glad smiles,
    In homes where naught defiles—
  Think of my child and her home,
Think of her, my little child, to-day.

Have some pity in your happy lot, I pray,
  Lest we 'hurt ones' groan;
    God keeps rank and file
    Of the souls so undefiled
  They can weep when others moan.
Pity, then, my child and home, I pray.
—'Union Signal.'

Keeping With the Gang.

'The first glass of beer I ever drank was like taking a dose of medicine,' said a young man who bore the nose and fleshmarks of a regular old toper. 'But it is no dose now,' continued he, with a chuckle.

'May I ask,' said I, 'since beer was so distasteful to you at first, why did you persist in cultivating a taste for it?'

'Oh, just to keep with the gang,' was the laconic reply.

'Just to keep with the gang,' that was all. And yet what a terrible penalty!—a physical wreck, a moral leper, manhood sapped, fond hopes blasted, mother's heart bleeding, friends disappointed, despair and death, eternal death, approaching. But that is just the way most drunkards are made. Eliminate the saloons of their social features, and you have crippled them of boys. Few men, I fancy, ever took their first drink of liquor when alone. Without congenial and sympathizing companions, there is little fascination in the cup for the beginner.

Do these lines catch the eye of one who prefers the society of the set that hangs around saloons and billiard rooms to that of honest, true-hearted, sober boys? Beware lest one day you, in company with your besotted gang, may find yourselves in the chain-gang. Perhaps you may escape that, but you will be chained by the drink habit with fetters more unrelenting than those of steel.

'Shall I be ostracised by my friends, or join the procession, which?' That depends upon which way the procession is going. If towards the saloon, drunkenness, debauchery, crime, misery, shame, eternal ruin, then stand aside and let it pass. You are made of fibre too fine, through your vein courses blood too noble, you are called with a calling too high for such a destiny. Hear, then, the admonition of one who loves purity of life and nobility of soul: Boys, beware of the gang!—W. M. Gilmore, in 'Western Recorder.'

What a California Boy Says.

At a summer parlor meeting of the Los Angeles Woman's Christian Temperance Union, California, in which the Loyal Temperance Legion participated, Harry Bledsoe, a young man of sixteen, made an eloquent appeal against smoking on behalf of the boys. He urged parents to take a deeper interest in the enforcement of the law in regard to this matter. He gave the testimonies of several professors in our academies in regard to the serious effects of the excessive use of the cigarette upon our boys. He said four girls are graduating from our high schools to one boy, and that unless there is an improvement in the personal habits of our young men in the near future, the bright young women going forth from our schools and colleges will capture even the government positions.

Temperance on Railways.

The Washington 'Post' gives an excellent idea of how a new ally of Christian temperance work, i.e., temperance required by business corporations on a common sense business basis only, is regarded by the secular press: During the past ten years some of the largest railway corporations have found it necessary to adopt stringent rules for the enforcement of temperance among the men employed on trains and in other capacities where absolute fidelity to duty is essential to the safety of life and property. Some of the great railways will not employ any man who uses liquor even moderately, and many roads will not trust a train to the care of an engineer who is known to be a patron, or even a visitor, of the saloon. There is no fanaticism in this—it is simply sound business sense. Of all places on earth, where is there one requiring a more complete control of all the faculties of mind and body than that of a locomotive engineer? A drunken doctor might do a retail killing business, but a drunken engineer might slaughter men, women and children by wholesale, and cause almost incalculable damage to property, to say nothing of the enormous liabilities for killing and injuring passengers. The risk of accidents by rail is safeguarded by every possible precaution, and experience has shown that the drink habit among railway employees is a contributor to disasters—that it exposes the drinkers themselves, as well as the passengers on trains, to needless danger.

Don't Give Brandy.

The moral effect of early acquaintance with scientific truth is illustrated by a little story which the Rev. Dr. Plumb tells in the Boston 'Transcript':—

A millionnaire brewer, a Senator in another State, said to Mrs. Hunt, 'I shall vote for your bill. I have sold out my brewery, and am clean from the whole business. Let me tell you what occurred at my table. A guest was taken dangerously ill at dinner—insensible—and there was a call for brandy to restore him. My little boy at once exclaimed, "No, that is just what he don't need! It will paralyze the nerves and muscles of the blood vessels so they will not send back the blood to the heart."

'When the liquor was poured out to give the man, the lad insisted on pushing it back.

'"You will kill him; he has too much blood in his head already."

'"How did you know all that?" his father afterwards asked.

'"Why, it is in my physiology at school."'

It seems the text-books prepared by such men as Prof. Newell Martin, F.R.S., of Johns Hopkins University, had succeeded in giving the lad some definite information which was proving useful.

'Senator,' said Mrs. Hunt, 'are you sorry your boy learned that at school?'

'Madam,' the man replied, raising his hand, 'I would not take five thousand dollars for the assurance this gives me that my boy will never be a drunkard.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Searching Temperance Questions.

Allow us to ask a few questions of church members, and we ask the temperance committees to press them home.

(1) Have you prayed earnestly for the abolition of the drink traffic in Canada?

(2) Have you personally urged, and urged strongly, on your mayor, town councillors, county councillors and member of parliament that the drink traffic should be abolished?

(3) Have you tried faithfully to win any drinker from his path of ruin?

(4) Do you know any boys or young men in your congregation who are beginning to drink?

(5) Have you pleaded, and pleaded, and pleaded with God for them?

(6) Have you earnestly, and, if necessary, with self-sacrifice, tried to win them from the whiskey-seller?

(7) Have you opened your homes to provide social attractions for these young men, who frequent saloons more for social reasons than anything else?

(8) Have you felt as much real concern over some boy or man in the clutches of the devil as you have over your winter coat or hat, or a piece of furniture, or getting elected to some position, or some chance to make money?

We wish your temperance committee would draw up a list of such personal questions, get them printed, and send them to every professing Christian whose name they can get, and then have the pastor rattle up the dry bones with a strong, soul-felt sermon. Try it.—'Endeavor Herald.'

When I Am a Man.

(By Mrs. Lizzie De Armond.)

When I am a man, I'll not worry and scold,
Or growl at the weather if too hot or cold;
I'll not use tobacco, nor drink wine or beer,
And of everything bad I'll be sure to keep clear.
I'll try for the good of others to plan,
And be a brave soldier, when I'm a man.

When I am a man, I'll let little boys
Have fun, if they do make plenty of noise;
I'll feed the beggars who stop at my door,
And give of my wealth to the ailing and poor.
I'll strive to be honest and do what I can
To make the world better, when I'm a man.

Said grandma, 'Why wait till you're grown?
Right away
Commence your reform, begin with to-day;
You may never be old, nor rich, nor yet great,
And many a blessing you'll lose while you wait.
Strive to be and to do the best that you can,
And life will be sweeter when you're a man.'
—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON X.—Dec. 6, 1896.

1 Kings 11 : 4-13.

SOLOMON'S SIN.

Commit to Memory Vs. 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10 : 12.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. Turned away from God. Vs. 4-8.
II. Incurring the Anger of God. Vs. 9-11.
III. Mercy for David's Sake. Vs. 12, 13.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 11 : 4-13.—Solomon's Sin.
T. 1 Kings 11 : 14-25.—Solomon's Adversaries.
W. 1 Kings 11 : 26-43.—Solomon's Last Days.
Th. Deut. 17 : 14-20.—The King's Duty.
F. Deut. 7 : 1-11.—Warning Against Idolaters.
S. Exod. 34 : 1-14.—No Other God.
S. Gal. 6 : 1-18.—Sowing and Reaping.

Time.—B. C. 985-980, five to ten years before Solomon's death.

Place.—Jerusalem, the Mount of Offence; the southern summit of the Mount of Olives.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

In our last lesson we saw 'Solomon in all his glory.' To-day a very different picture is presented to us. Here we see this most magnificent monarch of his time, whose wisdom and wealth were world-renowned, turning from the Lord to whom he owed all that he had and was, his wisdom become folly and his heart corrupt. He not only followed after idols, but publicly established their worship in the midst of God's chosen people. In the sad record of his downfall we read again the oft-told story of the sure evil consequences of sin. By polygamous alliances with women of heathen nations, Solomon flatly and most offensively disobeyed God's plain commands. By this means his heart was turned to idolatry, and he became estranged from God. The Lord in his displeasure stirred up Solomon's enemies against him, and after his death disrupted the kingdom.

QUESTIONS.

How had Solomon disobeyed God's plain commands? What was the result upon his life? What gods did he go after? What is said of him in verse 6? How did he publicly establish idolatry? Where did he build the heathen altars? What made Solomon's idolatry especially wicked? What punishment did the Lord foretell? What forbearance did he promise? For whose sake did he do this? What will surely cause the Lord to depart from us? For whose sake will he show mercy toward us?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Many lives are ruined by bad friendships.
2. When the heart is wrong all goes wrong.
3. Sin always meets divine displeasure.
4. When we are unfaithful God takes his work from us.
5. The blessing of a good father passes to his son.

THE LESSON STORY.

So far we have learned nothing about Solomon but what was wise and good. But now sin came into his heart, and we see the sad results—not only in his character and life, but also in his kingdom.

This great king, to whom God had given so much blessing, fell into sin because he must have his own way. He was an old man now, and he let his wives, who were heathen women, lead his heart away from the true God. He did not forsake him entirely, but he did not follow him with all his heart, and God was displeased with him. It was wrong for Solomon to offer incense to strange gods, even to please his wives. God wants us to stand up for the right, whether others are pleased or not. You know God had commanded Solomon not to worship other gods, and now he told him that because he had not obeyed his word he should take the kingdom from him and give it to another. But for David's sake the Lord said he would not do this while Solomon lived. And even then he said he would leave one tribe to Solomon's son.

This sad story shows how weak we are unless we take strength from God every day and every hour. Let us learn to depend upon him as a child depends upon its mother, and we shall then be kept from sin.

ILLUSTRATION.

Have a heart 'fully turned' toward the Lord. Vs. 4, 6, 8. Give God thine heart. A story is told of a colored man who came to a watchmaker with the two hands of his clock, saying: 'I want yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jess doan keep no mo' kerec' time for mo' den six monfs.' 'Where is the clock?' asked the watchmaker. 'Out at de house on Injun Creek.' 'But I must have the clock.' 'Didn't I tell yer *dars nuffin* de matter wid de clock 'ceptin' de han's, and I done brought 'em to you. You jess want de clock so you kin tinker wid it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's.' And he went away angry. He was no more unreasonable than you if you are trying to regulate your conduct by avoiding bad habits. Put your heart into the care of the great watchmaker, do not fear to pay the price, and he will give you a 'new heart.' Ezek. 36 : 26. Then love him with all this heart. Go fully after the Lord. Give him the keys of every room in the heart. Let the Holy Spirit come in and do as he will.

Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. V. 8; 2 Cor. 6 : 14. God's commands are explicit. The Israelites were forbidden to make marriages with the Canaanites. Deut. 7 : 3. Christians are bidden to marry 'only in the Lord.' 1 Cor. 7 : 39. The Christian married to an enemy of God is joined to one who has not a thought or feeling in common with him. 'One desires to serve Christ; the other the devil. One breathes after the things of God; the other sighs for the things of the world. One seeks to mortify the flesh with its affections and desires; the other seeks to gratify these very things. Like a sheep and goat linked together, the sheep longs to feed on the green pastures in the field, while the goat craves the brambles in the ditch. Both are starved. One will not feed on the green pasture, the other cannot. The goat, by superior strength, succeeds in forcing his companion to remain among the brambles.' God's chosen people were forbidden to plough with an ox and an ass together. Deut. 22 : 10. It was an unequal yoke. The ox, which the Egyptians worshipped, and the ass, the domestic animal of the Israelites, did not belong together. Jesus said, 'Take my yoke upon you.' Matt. 11 : 29. You cannot be yoked with an unbeliever and with Christ. Servants of hostile masters cannot work in the same yoke. A worldly partner will not have heavenly principles. His business will be conducted to make money and not for the glory of God. There will be trickery, if not dishonesty, and the Christian yoked with Belial is in the service of the devil. If you plough with one whose tastes and tendencies are opposed to yours, you must go his way, he cannot go yours; and you serve Satan while professing to serve Christ. The unbeliever is God's enemy and yours. Then be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers in marriage, or business, or politics, or philanthropy, or religion, lest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord and bring down wrath upon thee from the Lord. 2 Chron. 19 : 2.—'Arnold's Practical Commentary.'

C. E. PRAYER MEETING TOPICS AND DAILY READINGS.

A STRONGER FAITH.

Through prophecy. John 5 : 36-47.
Through miracle. John 14 : 7-12.
Through Christ's words. 1 John 5 : 1-12.
Through Christ's death. John 12 : 23-32.
Through prayer. John 3 : 25-36.
Through action. Jas. 2 : 17-26.

Dec. 6.—How to strengthen our faith in Christianity.—Mark 9 : 14-29.

Probable Sons.

By the Author of 'Eric's Good News.'

CHAPTER IX.

'A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.'

When Sir Edward retired to his room that night, he paced up and down for some time in front of his little niece's picture that she had given him. His brow was knitted, and he was thinking deeply.

'I am longing to have peace,' he muttered. "I will arise"—ay, easy to say—it's a hard and bitter thing for a backslider to retrace his steps. 'Why cannot I make up my mind to seek it? How the child stabs me sometimes, and how little she knows my past!'

He stopped and gazed at the picture. 'And the Lord Himself used this as an illustration. I could not want anything stronger.'

A deep-drawn sigh followed, then a heartfelt cry rose to heaven.

'May God have mercy on me, and bring me back, for I can't bring myself!'

The next morning Sir Edward had an interview with his keeper, who brought his son up with him, and as the tall, broad-shouldered young fellow stood before the squire, and in earnest, humble tones asked if he could be given a chance of redeeming his character by being employed on the estate, Sir Edward's severity relaxed, and after a long conversation with him he promised he would give him a trial.

He smiled grimly to himself as father and son left him with warm expressions of gratitude.

'So that is the child's hero! One whose example I might well follow. He has had the courage at last to take the step from which I am still shrinking. Why should I fear that my welcome home would be less full of love and forgiveness than his?'

It was Christmas eve: a wild and stormy day, the wind raged ceaselessly round the old house, howling down the chimneys, and beating the branches of the trees outside against the window panes.

Milly had been very busy for some hours helping Ford to decorate the hall and rooms with holly and evergreen, though Ford would every now and then pause in his work, saying, 'There, Miss Milly, I'm sure we're overdoing it; if the house was full of company now, I would take a pride in it, but I don't believe the master will notice whether it's done or not. It seems to me as he is getting more and more shut up into hisself lately. Christmas is a dull time with us.'

All was finished at last, and Milly went up to the nursery and stood at the window, her bright brown eyes eagerly scanning and taking note of every object out of doors.

'It's a perfect hurricane,' said nurse presently, as she sat with her work in a comfortable chair by the fire. 'If we feel it inland like this, what must it be at sea!'

'I should like to be on the sea,' said Milly. 'I love the wind, but I think it is getting a little bit too rough this afternoon. I'm rather afraid it will hurt the little trees. Ford said if I went out I should be blown away. Oh, nurse, Goliath is cracking so! I wish the wind would knock him over, he is a horrid old tree. I always think he is making faces at me when I run past him. Wouldn't it be nice to see him blown down?'

'You mustn't wish that,' said nurse, getting up from her chair and moving towards the door; 'it's a dangerous thing for an old tree to be blown down. Now I am going downstairs for a short time, so be a good child and don't get into mischief while I am away.'

Milly remained at the window for some minutes after nurse's departure, then her quick eyes noticed a poor wretched little kitten mewing as she vainly tried to shelter herself from the violent blasts around by crouching close to a tree.

In an instant, without thought of consequences, the child darted to the nursery door and down the broad oak staircase.

'Poor pussy, I will run and fetch her in. I expect she has run away from the kitchen.'

Sir Edward was writing at his study table, when an unusually violent gust of wind caused him to raise his eyes and glance out of the window. There, to his amazement, he saw, under the old oak tree on the lawn, his little niece, her golden brown curls flying as she battled with the elements, and struggled vainly to stoop and take the kitten in her arms.

He started up from his seat, but as he did so a blast that shook the house swept by; there was an awful cracking, then a crash, and, to his horror, a huge limb of the old oak came with an awful thud upon the very spot where his little niece was standing.

'My God, save her!' was his agonized cry, as he saw at the same moment the little figure stagger and fall. Then, forgetting his weakness and lack of physical strength, he dashed out of the house, and in another instant was standing over her.

His first feeling was one of intense thankfulness to find that the branch in falling

could have only slightly grazed her, as she was lying on the ground untouched by it; but as he raised the motionless figure, and noted a red mark on her forehead which was swelling rapidly, his heart sank within him. It did not take him long to carry her into the house, and he was met at the door by nurse, who wisely wasted no time in useless lamentation, but set to work at once to restore animation to her little charge. Her efforts were successful. Milly was only slightly stunned, but it had been a miraculous escape, and had the blow been an inch nearer her temple it might have been fatal. As it was, the child was more frightened than hurt, and when a little time after her uncle took her in his arms with unwonted tenderness, she clung to him and burst into passionate sobs.

'Take care of me, uncle! That nasty old Goliath! He tried to kill me, he did! I saw him coming on the top of me. God only saved me in time, didn't He?'

When the bruise had been bathed and dressed by nurse, Sir Edward still kept her on his knee, and after nurse had left the room, and the child rested her little head on his shoulder in a very subdued frame of mind, he did, what he had never done yet—stooped over her and kissed her, saying:

'You have been very near death this afternoon, little one, and I could ill have spared you.'

Milly raised her large dark eyes to his.

'If I had died I should have gone straight up to God, shouldn't I?'

'Yes, you would.'

'I should have liked that. I suppose He doesn't want me yet, or He would have sent for me.'

When she came down to her uncle that evening she raised a very sad little face to his from the opposite side of the table.

'Uncle Edward, have you heard who Goliath really did kill?'

'Do you mean the tree that came on you? No one else was hurt, I hope?' and Sir Edward's tone was a little anxious.

'She was killed dead—quite dead and mangled, nurse said. It was the poor little kitten, uncle, that I ran out to fetch.'

The brown eyes were swimming with tears, and Milly could not understand the smile that came to Sir Edward's lips.

'Only a kitten. Well, it was sad, I daresay, but there are plenty of kittens about the place.'

'But, uncle, I've been thinking so much about this one. Ford says she had run away from the stable. I expect she was going to be a prodigal kitten, perhaps, and now she'll never run away any more. It's so sad about her, and I think why it is sad is because nobody cares, not even nurse. She said she would rather it had been the kitten than me. Poor little kitty, her mother will be missing her so to-night! Do you think, uncle, the wind or Goliath killed her? I think it was Goliath. I just looked out of my window on the stairs before I came down. The wind has stopped now, and the trees seemed to be crying and sobbing together. I'm sure they were sorry for kitty. I think they were tired out themselves, too, they have been so knocked about to-day. I wish so much I had been just in time to save the dear little kitten.'

'We will not talk about her any more,' said Sir Edward cheerfully. 'Have you seen Tom Maxwell lately?'

Milly's little tongue was only too ready to talk of him. 'He helped nurse and me to get some holly in the wood yesterday. I have nice talks with him often. He says he is very happy, and this will be the best Christmas he has spent in his life. Uncle, I want to ask you something. I've been thinking of it a great deal to-day, only since I was knocked down this afternoon I've had such a pain in my head I left off thinking. But I've just remembered it now. You see it is really Jesus Christ's birthday to-morrow, and I was thinking I've been getting presents for every one in the house but Him. Nurse has been helping me with some of them. I've made nurse a kettleholder, and cook a needlebook, and I've bought a penknife for Ford, and a thimole for Sarah, and some handkerchiefs for Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell, and some woollen gloves for Tommy. And I've nothing—no nothing for Him. If I only knew something He would like.'

She paused, and a soft wistfulness came into her eyes. 'I was thinking,' she went on, 'that perhaps I could put my present for Him outside the nursery window on the ledge. And then when we are all in bed, and it is very quiet, I expect He might send an angel down to bring it up to Him. I think He might do that, because He knows how much I want to give Him something. But then I don't know what to give Him. Could you tell me, uncle?'

'I think,' said Sir Edward gravely, 'the only way you can give Him a Christmas present is to give something to the poor. He would rather have that. I will give you this to put in the plate to-morrow in church.'

And Sir Edward put his hand in his pocket and rolled a sovereign across the table to his little niece.

But Milly was not satisfied.

'This is your present,' she said doubtfully. 'What will you give Him this Christmas besides? Is money the only thing you can give Him, uncle?'

Sir Edward pushed back his chair and rose from the table. His feelings were almost getting beyond his control. With the one subject that was now always foremost in his thoughts, the child's question rang again in his ears, 'Is money the only thing you can give Him, uncle?' And like a flash of light came a reply:

'No, I can give myself back to Him, my soul and body, that have now been so long in the keeping of His enemy.'

After a few minutes' silence, he said, in a strangely quiet voice, 'Come, little one, it is bedtime; say "Good-night," and run up to nurse!'

Milly came up to him, and as he stood with his back to the fire warming his hands, she took hold of the ends of his coat in her little hands, and, looking up at him, said, 'Uncle Edward, you gave me a kiss like a father might have done this afternoon. Would you mind very much giving me another?'

Sir Edward looked down at the sweet little face raised so coaxingly to his, and then took her up in his arms; but after he had given her the desired kiss he said, with some effort:

'I want you to do something to-night, little one. When you say your prayers, ask that one of God's prodigal sons may be brought back this Christmas time. It is one who wants to return. Will you pray for him?'

'Yes, uncle,' replied the child softly. 'And will you tell me his name?'

'No, I cannot do that.'

Something in his face made his little niece refrain from asking further questions. She left him a moment later, and Sir Edward went to the smoking-room and seated himself in a chair by the fire. The chimes of the village church were ringing out merrily, and presently outside in the avenue a little company of carol-singers were singing the sweet old Christmas truths that none can hear untouched.

'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

A sense of the love of God seemed to surround his soul, and this verse came into his mind as he mused:

'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'

Could he not trace in the events of the last few months the hand of a loving Father gently calling His wanderer home? Stricken down himself, placed on a sick bed for reflection, brought to the edge of the valley of the shadow of death, and then tenderly restored to life and health; the gentle voice and life of a little child pleading with him day by day, and that life having so lately been miraculously preserved from a great danger, all this filled his heart with the realization of the mercy and loving-kindness of God; and when again the past came up before him, and the tempter drew near again with the old refrain, 'You have wandered too long, you have hardened your heart, and God has shut His ear to your cry!' Sir Edward, by the help and power of the Divine Spirit, was able to look up, and say from the depths of his heart:

'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.'

They were sitting in the study the next afternoon, the child upon his knee, when Sir Edward said suddenly:

'Do you know that I have received a letter to-day about you?'

'Who from?' asked Milly, with interest.

'From my sister, your aunt, in Australia. I wrote to her when you came, and she wants to have you out there, and bring you up amongst her own children. She says a friend of hers will take charge of you and take you to her next month. I must talk to nurse about it.'

The little hands clutched hold of his coat sleeve tightly, but not a word did Milly say. Sir Edward noted a slight quivering of the lips, and a piteous gleam in the soft brown eyes. He waited in silence for a moment, then said cheerfully:

'Won't you be glad to have a lot of boys and girls to play with, instead of staying here with a lonely old man?'

Still the child said nothing; but suddenly down went the curly head upon his arm, and the tears came thick and fast.

Sir Edward raised the little face to his:

'We must not have tears on Christmas day,' he said. 'What is the matter, don't you want to go?'

'I suppose I must,' sobbed Milly. 'Ford told nurse the day I came that you hated children. I've always been thinking of it, but you have been so kind to me that I thought perhaps he had made a little mistake. Miss Kent didn't want me, and now you don't want me, and perhaps my aunt won't want me when I get there. I wish God wanted me, but I'm afraid He doesn't. Nurse says she thinks He wants me to work for Him when I grow up. I think—I think I'm rather like the little kitten yesterday, that nobody was sorry for when she died. You said there were plenty more kittens, didn't you?'

'I don't think there are plenty of small Millicents in this world,' and Sir Edward's voice was husky. 'Now listen, little woman; I have been thinking over the matter, and have decided this afternoon to keep you with me. I find I do want you after all, and cannot afford to lose you. Supposing we dry these tears, and talk about something else.'

And as the little arms were thrown round his neck, and a face full of smiles and tears like an April shower was lifted to his, the 'confirmed old bachelor' took to his heart the little maiden whose very existence had so annoyed and distressed him only a few months before.

'Uncle Edward,' she said, a little time after, 'do you know if that prodigal son you told me about last night has come back to God?'

Sir Edward was silent for a minute, then very gravely and solemnly he said:

'I think he has, little one. It has been a very happy Christmas day to him, and you must pray now that he may not be ashamed to own his Lord, who has so mercifully brought him back through the instrumentality of one of His lambs.'

THE END.

Northern Messenger.

At the annual meeting of the Dominion W. C. T. U., which has just taken place in Toronto, the two following recommendations were unanimously adopted:—

'That we earnestly urge the most strenuous efforts to increase the circulation of the 'Northern Messenger,' and to secure a place for it in every home, and that the publisher be requested to print again scientific temperance lessons in its columns.'

'That in view of the approaching plebiscite campaign unions and Y's subscribe and do their utmost to circulate 'War Notes,' to be published at the office of the Montreal 'Witness'.'

Could any praise be higher than this, coming as it does from the most influential temperance society in the country?

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